

Spirit of the Age.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

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OUR DUTY TO THE ORDER AND TO THE WORLD.

A LECTURE TO THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
(By a Member of the Order.)

The obligations resting upon every member of the Order to promote the harmony, increase the prosperity, and preserve unshaken the reputation of the Sons of Temperance, is more comprehensive than appears to the unreflecting mind. It is opposed to all dishonorable and unbrotherly conduct, and enjoins the practice of those virtues which render man a blessing and ornament to the sphere in which he moves. From the slightest consideration it will appear to the Son of Temperance, that

1. He is morally bound to guard with diligent jealousy the honor and interests of the Order.

In the performance of this duty he will feel himself solemnly called upon to resist the admission into the Order of any man, be he high or low, whose moral character is not a sufficient guarantee that he will become a worthy member. All personal partiality and all considerations of personal interest will be set aside, in the endeavor to guard our Temple from the intrusion of those whose presence would profane it. But the judicious Son of Temperance will use a just discrimination. He will not reject the man that has strayed from the path of virtue, when he discovers the signs of a true repentance in the wanderer. Then the past will be forgiven. Instead of laying the slightest obstacle in the way of such an individual, the true Son of Temperance will extend his hand with a warm welcome, and by every effort he can make, assist his unfortunate brother to regain the confidence of mankind, and establish himself upon a foundation of virtue and honor.

2. With the same conscientious regard for his duty will the Son of Temperance be governed in his selection of officers for the Division to which he may belong. He will not vote for individuals merely because they are his friends, or through a desire to promote his own selfish views, but considering the good of the Order as paramount. The only questions he will ask, are, who is the best qualified for the office? who will perform his duty with strict fidelity? who will be devoted to the interests of the Order? who possesses a character and reputation that may be appealed to in proof of the purity of our institution, when it is assailed by misguided or malevolent opposers?

3. The faithful Son of Temperance will also be distinguished by his prompt and cheerful obedience to the laws of the Order. Insurrection and rebellion are fatal to the prosperity of any confederation. I would not advise such submission to wrong as might be construed into approval thereof; but reason and experience teach that it is better to bear with some evils until they can be removed legally, than to attempt their removal by any precipitate and disorderly action. Our minds are so constituted that we cannot think alike. Even the best measures may be honestly opposed by those who cannot discover their salutary tendency. What then is the duty of the Son of Temperance, when any enactment of the Grand and Subordinate Division having jurisdiction over him, does not meet with his approval? To rebel? Certainly not. Let him obey the law while it is in force; but not in constitutional means to procure its repeal. If he cannot succeed in having the obnoxious enactment repealed, and feels that he cannot, in conscience, submit to it, he has but one course to pursue. As an honorable man he is bound to withdraw. But let him do so peaceably, and with due regard for the opinions and feelings of others.

4. The Son of Temperance has duties to perform in reference to his brothers of the Order. These duties are based on the Divine precept, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." The law of kindness should be imposed upon his heart, his lips, his hands and his pen. He should cultivate those noble sympathies which dignify our nature, and ever feel for his brethren as those to whom he is bound by the ties of a common humanity, and with whom he has entered into a solemn covenant to reciprocate benevolent affections. He should avoid all harsh, brittle and uncharitable remarks, and strive to win by gentleness and courtesy, rather than to bear down or drive by the authority and repulsiveness of his manner. In his brother's prosperity he should ever rejoice; but when he sees that his brother in prosperity is unduly related, or becoming forgetful of his duty as a man, and pursuing a course that must end in misfortune, he will be prompt with the necessary admonition. And when adversity overtakes a member of the Order, he should prove the sincerity of his fraternal regard by doing all in his power to soothe and relieve the afflicted brother.

Should death remove a brother from our association, besides manifesting due respect to his memory by providing for the decent interment of his remains, we should regard his family as having claims upon our sympathy and assistance. And we should not think that this claim is cancelled when we have paid out of the treasury all that can be legally demanded from us, but ever regard that family as belonging to us, and therefore to be watched over and ministered unto by the members of the Order whenever occasion may require.

I trust to see the bonds of our union drawn around us more closely. I desire the advent of that period when it shall be felt that the endearing title of brother is no idle word among us; but when it will be apparent, both among ourselves and to the world, that we are brothers indeed, because we live and love like brothers.

But as Sons of Temperance we have duties to perform in reference to the rest of mankind. And here permit me to remark that all those high moral obligations to which the attention of a new member is called on the night of his initiation, apply in his relations to those who are out of the Order, as well as to those in the immediate circle of the chosen brotherhood. But there is a duty arising from the object of our organization to which the attention of the Son of Temperance will be especially directed. He "will look around upon mankind," and as he beholds the sad spectacle of thousands impoverished, maddened, ruined in reputation, in health and in their spiritual prospects by intemperance, he will feel the throbings of a holy impulse, prompting him to "turn his fellow-man from error's path."

To increase our numbers, by soliciting men of character and influence to unite with us, is a laudable work. When such men are brought in they add to the respectability and usefulness of the Order. Like the majestic and finely wrought columns of a noble edifice, they increase the strength and beauty of the structure. But were our Order composed of such only as had never been slaves of intemperance, it would have been incomplete. Its mission is to save—not the sober—but the drunkard, and those that are in danger of becoming drunkards; not to waste help upon those that can stand without its assistance, but to raise the fallen and encourage their attempts to gain a position from which they shall not be moved.

In view of this great end an example is important, but not of itself, sufficient. The young man just beginning to indulge in habits of dissipation must be warned of the consequences of persisting in those habits; he must be reasoned with, persuaded and entreated to relinquish the cup before it prove his ruin; and even the confirmed drunkard must not be given up as hopeless. Amid the ruins of his moral nature there may be some elements left from which a character and a reputation may be built. Inevitable as he is, apparently, to his condition, and the estimation in which his conduct may be held by the world, he retains some of the feelings of a man in his bosom, and if these are appealed to in the spirit of kindness there may be an appropriate response. The almost extinguished spark of humanity, by proper effort, may be fanned into a flame that will blaze throughout eternity, to his own felicity and the Creator's glory.

Therefore, while the Son of Temperance exerts himself in the Division room to promote the good of the Order, he will not, if he be true to his duty, confine his benevolent exertions to that place alone, but do all in his power, everywhere, to reclaim the inebriate. If he has the gift of speaking in public he will use it, if he has not, he will make himself useful by private conversation, attendance at public meetings, as far as practicable, distributing and encouraging the publication of Temperance Periodicals, and in various other ways, as Providence may afford him opportunity.

But the Son of Temperance, if he be wise, will remember that to succeed he must begin, continue and end all his efforts in the spirit of Love. Persuade men that you care for their welfare and you will find them easy of access. But let your manner excite suspicion that you approach them in the spirit of unkindness or dictation, and they will shut up every avenue to their hearts. Under such circumstances labor is fruitless. Men will neither reason nor feel, except in opposition to what you may advance. Hence it appears that argument and persuasion are far better and more successful weapons than invective and denunciation. You cannot drive a drunkard from his cups, neither can you induce a "moderate drinker" to refrain from his customary indulgence by the use of language which he will regard as imperious or abusive. Nor can you persuade men to think well of the Order, or wish it success, by assailing their motives for refusing to unite with us.

I am of opinion that the cause has suffered from the indiscretion of some of its friends. They are far too general and indiscriminate in their denunciations. While bodies of men are sometimes blamed for the faults of a few unworthy members who are retained in the hope of reforming them, and not because their conduct is approved. Thus, the churches are assailed because they do not make total abstinence a condition of membership. They are sometimes represented as being unfavorable to Temperance, when it must be apparent to every intelligent and candid observer that they are doing whatever can be done by their sanction, their teachings, and their prayers, to promote the cause. Because some ministers

are unworthy their high calling, it is represented that "the clergy, with a few honorable exceptions, are arrayed against this reform," when it is known to all who have taken the pains to inform themselves, that the clergy, as a body, are the most zealous, consistent and successful friends of the measure; the few that oppose it being exceptions to the general rule. Even in the denunciation of those who traffic in strong drink, there is little discrimination. Surely it is not sound policy to say that all who sell intoxicating liquors are worse than the highway robber, or the midnight assassin. The rumrunner follows a despicable business, I am prepared to admit—degradation, poverty, crime and misery are the legitimate fruits of the seed he sows—but if we would reclaim him, we must make these facts apparent to his mind through all the mists of self-interest, and to do this we must not begin with calling him names that will only excite and exasperate.

In conclusion, my brethren, the success of the Order depends very much upon our own conduct. The "world will look to our example and judge the cause by us." If our fellow citizens see that we live soberly, honestly and virtuously in all respects, they will entertain an exalted opinion of the usefulness of the Order; but if they perceive that the lessons taught by our noble motto, "Love, Purity and Fidelity," are disregarded, then, judging the tree by its fruit, they will deem it "good for nothing but to be hewn down and cast into the fire."

But the hearts of our fellow men are under a higher than human power; and important as we may deem the good opinion of mortals, it should be our first aim to secure the Divine approbation. That God approves the Temperance cause cannot be a subject of doubt. Whether he approves our mode of operating for the promotion of that cause, may be a matter of doubt with some, but not with us, who recognize his hand in our prosperity; but whether he approves of us, as individuals, is the question that ought to be decided to the satisfaction of every brother's heart. It is the most important of all questions. This much will be conceded, that if such great results have been obtained, through the blessing of God, on a good cause, much greater might be expected, if in addition to our advocacy of the Temperance reform, each one of us would so act in all other respects as to enjoy the approbation of the Almighty. Without his blessing, our Order must perish. Without his blessing we perish as individuals. Let us then, while we consider what is due to the Order and the World, reflect also upon the claims of the Almighty Sovereign and Parent, and strive so to live that in the great day of final reckoning we may be accepted, through the merits of his well-beloved Son, who has prepared mansions of eternal rest for the children of Love, Purity and Fidelity.—*Nat. Temp. Mag.*

OLD ZEKE'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. E. M. SEYMOUR.

One of the loveliest of the thousand lovely spots that adorn the valley of the Connecticut was the haunt of my childhood. It might have been a haunt of fairies and wood nymphs; for they could not have found a sweeter or more secluded gambling ground; and I did sometimes think I heard strange whisperings in the air, and fairy-like music floating around me; and I sometimes imagined I saw tiny foot-prints upon the velvet moss. True, the sober thought of years rather discards the idea, but we love to foster childhood's impressions; so I will cherish this, with every flower and leaf and ripple of the singing brook, and light and shadow which are daguerreotypes upon my heart. I would love to take you there to-night, dear readers, and by the light of this first autumn moon, talk of the days of "lang syne." Come, sit with me upon this mossy bank, and see the soft moonlight flitting with those dancing ripples.

Perhaps some of you who have never seen Miss Cynthia out of the city, have always thought her a staid and sober damsel; but I assure you that in the country she frolics about in a most unbecomingly like manner. See her now dancing down that brook, and now playing bo-peep with us through those thick branches, and whispering soft words to every green leaf that turns its face towards her, and casting loving glances on those sweet flowers at our feet.

And now follow with me this little brook: we will pluck some of those violets that fringe its edge for a memento; now step across the brook, and there, in that little wood beyond, is my Eden; but I cannot take you there, dear reader. There I always go alone. A word, the slightest whisper there, would break the perfect harmony that breathes around. I would hear no voice but Nature's there. The gentle sighing among the leaves, the occasional chirp of an insect, or twitter of a bird, or a falling leaf, speak in more eloquent tones than ever breathed through earthly lips. And then the sometimes perfect mysterious silence which not even a trembling leaf disturbs—it lulls my spirit, subdues every worldly passion, and with folded hands I sit listening to the still small voice communing with my soul.

Do you see through the opening beyond that wood, the little white cottage?

That was the home of my little heroine. Old Mr. Melwood, or old Zeke, as he was always called, was one of those poverty-stricken men who had been added. He was a cripple and unable to do little else than to ride to the village and leave at the doors of his customers the products of his little farm, which was his only means of support. These were few, but he always found a ready market for them; for every one said that old Zeke's vegetables were the best, and his eggs the freshest that were brought to town, and that the berries that pretty Rose Melwood sold were the sweetest that were ever tasted; indeed everything which Rose Melwood had or said, or did, was the best in the world.

Rose lost her mother in very early childhood; and between herself and her father there existed the greatest fondness. She did not love to hear him called "Old Zeke," for it seemed to her to give an impression of unworthiness; but it was not so, for every one respected the old man. I do not know how he came to receive that cognomen, but I think it was because his infirmities made him seem much older than he really was, and it was something of a feeling of pity that prompted it. But Rose did not love to hear it, and always when speaking of her parent, she would call him her "dear, dear father;" always was she saying some kind word, or performing some kind action,—anything to make her dear father happy.—And she was his idol; "Rosa, dear," he always called her, and every one else came to call her so, except when some naughty child at school, who had his falsehood exposed by her undeviating truth, would call her "Old Zeke's daughter." But Rose was the name that all loved to call her by. She was the pet of the village; every one was glad when she came, for she always brought a happy face and heart along with her; and aunt Mary used to say she brought a whole shower of happiness, to sprinkle over everybody.

But Rose Melwood had her day of sorrow; and that was when Julia Weston refused to invite her to her birthday party. This party had been the grand subject of talk among the school girls, during "recess" and "whispering-time," for half-a-year. All expected to attend; all knew what they were to wear; and all hoped most earnestly that it would be a pleasant day.

Rose Melwood knew in her little heart what she intended to do that day; but she had told no one, for it would be such a sweet surprise, she thought, to bring a wreath of flowers in April. Every day, after the snow was off the ground, she would look by the brook and in the wood for the first flowers, to see how they came on. She knew just where the trailing Arbutus hid itself, and where the first violets would spring up, and she felt quite sure they would be in bloom before Julia's birthday.

The morning previous to Julia Weston's birthday, I had invited Rose and two or three of her companions to walk with me; and just as we entered a path which led through the wood, Rose darted away, exclaiming, "I am going to hide from you now, but I will be with you soon." My young friends wandered off, one by one, in search of flowers and winter-green, and I had just entered the path which led to my loved retreat when I saw through the trees that it was already tenanted, and on coming nearer, discovered Rose Melwood. She was unconscious of my approach, and I never saw a sweeter subject for a painter than she was at that moment. She was sitting upon the ground, with her lap full of flowers and a half formed wreath lying beside her. Her bonnet had fallen back upon her shoulders, and her long fair hair was falling in rich clusters upon her neck; her small white hands were clasped, and her full blue eyes were turned towards heaven, with an expression of perfect purity, love and holiness. "Oh, Miss Emily!" she exclaimed, as soon as she observed me, "is not this beautiful? It seems just like heaven to me."

"O, Rosey dear, where did you find your flowers?" exclaimed our companions, coming up at this moment; "see here—will not this be beautiful?" she exclaimed, holding up a half-woven wreath; "this is for Julia to wear on her birthday."

"But you are not going to her party?" exclaimed one.

"Why, yes, of course I shall go," replied Rose. "I know Julia expects me to go."

"But she told me yesterday she should not invite you."

"Why not?" inquired Rose, sorrowfully.

"Because," replied another, who seemed somewhat vexed that Rose had found so many flowers, "because she says she don't want old Zeke's daughter at her party."

Never shall I forget the expression which passed over Rose's countenance at these words; it was not of anger, but of mingled sorrow and resentment, which one experiences when they feel that they have been undeservedly slighted

by those they love. She spoke not a word, but her eyes filled with tears, and after a moment's silence, she said—"Well, I will send her the flowers—she will like them I am sure."

The truth was, Julia had heard, and talked, and thought so much of her party, that she had begun to imagine herself a much more important personage than before, and to think that she must be somewhat select in her invitations; so after some consideration, she decided that it would sound very unaristocratic to have it said that old Zeke's daughter was at her party. Besides, she was a year older than rose, which very much enhanced her own importance, she thought; so without consulting her parents, she decided that Rose Melwood should not come to her party.

But Julia little thought that by refusing admittance to Rose she was depriving herself and others of all enjoyment.—But so it was, for when all were assembled, there seemed some one wanting. No one seemed happy, and each whispered to the other, "I wish Rosey dear was here," and when Frank Weston and two or three of his school-fellows came in to share in the sports, nothing seemed to go right.

"Why, where is Rosey dear?" exclaimed Frank in surprise, after looking round the room.

"Julia wouldn't have her here," exclaimed half a dozen voices.

"I should like to know, Miss Julia Weston, why you wouldn't have her here?" inquired Frank with spirit.

"Because I didn't want her here," replied Julia, a little tartly.

"Because she is old Zeke's daughter," replied several voices.

"Well, I wish, Julia, you were half as good as old Zeke's daughter," exclaimed Frank. "I declare, this is outrageous. She shall come, or else I don't stay here."

"Nor I, nor I," exclaimed the other embryo gentlemen.

At this moment Mrs. Weston entered the room.

"Why, what does this mean?" she exclaimed. "I came to see how happy you were, and really there is not one happy face in the room; what is the matter?"

"Rosey dear is not here," exclaimed a dozen voices.

"Rosey not here? Why, what is the reason?" inquired Mrs. Weston in surprise.

"Why, Julia has acted like a dunce. She has not invited her," replied Frank.

"Not invited Rosey? Why, Julia; what does this mean? I thought surely you had invited her."

Julia had by this time begun to repent seriously of her conduct. The party which she had looked forward to with so much happiness, had been, so far, naught but wretchedness, and all in consequence of her foolish pride. So she acknowledged to her mother the reason, and expressed her sorrow.

At this moment a light tap was heard at the door, and a little girl who lived neighbor to Rosey, entered with a beautiful wreath in her hand, and presenting it to Julia, said, "Rosey dear sent it to you."

The scent of the flowers filled the room, and all gazed eagerly at such a quantity of flowers at that season.

"Oh! where did Rosey dear find them? I could not find one," all exclaimed.

"She always knew where the first flowers grew," exclaimed one of the boys.

"She always knew ten times more than any other girl about everything," was the rather ungallant reply of Frank Weston.

Julia stood holding the wreath, looking sorrowful and ashamed.

"My dear," exclaimed Mrs. Weston, "you are not worthy to wear this wreath to-day—the one who deserves it must wear it. Put on your bonnet and go down to old Zeke's, and make the best apology you can to Rosey. Beg her pardon, and ask her to come and spend the remainder of the day; for I am quite sure there will be no enjoyment unless she is here; and she is so good a girl, I think she will not refuse to come, though you have treated her so ill. Frank will entertain your company while you are gone, and I hope you will yet be happy."

The two girls were soon seen returning, and as they entered the door, all exclaimed, "I am so glad you have come, Rosey dear; now we will be happy."

"But first," said Mrs. Weston, "let us dispose of this beautiful wreath. It should not lie withering here. Julia it was sent to you, but I presume you do not feel that you deserve to wear it, so you may place it upon the head of the one you think most deserving of it."

Julia took the wreath, and with a smile and a kiss, placed it upon Rosey's head, amid the shouts of the children.

"Oh, I had much rather you would wear it, dear Julia," exclaimed Rosey. "I am sure I never intended it for myself."

"The good we do to others," said Mrs. Weston, "often returns upon our own heads, and I hope the lesson, Julia, you learn, will be of far more value than the wreath."

Soon after this event old Zeke and Rosey left our village, and went to live with a rich relative at the South, who adopted Rose as her own daughter.

Years passed away. Frank Weston,

who had established himself in a distant city, wrote for Julia to come and spend the winter with him. Julia joyfully accepted the invitation. As soon as she had arrived and had been welcomed by her brother, he said, "I have an invitation for you, Julia, to act as bridesmaid this very evening."

"Pray, for whom?" inquired Julia.

"To a certain lady who is to be my wife," replied Frank, laughing.

"Ah! you rogue! Why did you not tell me of this before?"

"I knew that you liked pleasant surprise," replied Frank.

"But I cannot tell whether it will be a pleasant one until I know who it is to be your bride. Come, tell me quick, who is it?"

"No no, not until we are married; so now prepare yourself, and hasten to the wedding."

When Frank Weston led in his bride, Julia thought she had never seen a creature so perfectly lovely. But brides are always beautiful, and perhaps she was not more so than many others; but Julia thought so, and I think Frank thought so too. But it was not her beauty alone that riveted Julia's gaze; it was a strong impression that she had seen that face before, but she could not tell when nor where.

When the ceremony was over, and Frank presented Julia to his bride,

"Do tell me, my sister," exclaimed Julia, "have we never known each other before?"

"Dear Julia, have you forgotten old Zeke's daughter," whispered the beautiful bride.

A sudden remembrance, such as, in some hour of your life, kind reader, has flashed over your mind when you have seen a face or an object that called to recollection bygone days, came over Julia's thought. She gazed earnestly at the fair girl for a minute, then, clasping her hand, and turning to Frank, she exclaimed, joyfully,—

"Rosey dear! yes—yes—it is indeed her—it is our Rosey dear!"

From the London Journal.

THE BOATMAN'S DAUGHTER.

The following remarkable story has all the interest of a romance; yet it is true, and the parties are still living:

It was in the memorable year, 1814, when the allied armies were concentrated about Paris:

A young lieutenant of dragoons was engaged with three or four Hungarians, who, after having received several smart strokes from his sabre, managed to send a ball into his shoulder, to pierce his chest with a thrust from a lance, and to leave him for dead on the bank of the river.

On the opposite side of the stream, a boatman and his daughter had been watching this unequal fight with tears of desperation. But what could an old unarmed man do, or a pretty child of sixteen? However, the old soldier—such the boatman was—had no sooner seen this officer fall from his horse, than he and his daughter rowed most vigorously towards the other side.

Then, when they had deposited the wounded man in their boat, this worthy couple crossed the river; but with faint hopes of reaching the military hospital in time.

"You have been very badly treated, my boy," said the old gentleman to him; "but here am I, who have gone further on, and come home."

The silence and the fixed attitude of Lieutenant S— showed the extreme agony of his pains, and the hardy boatman soon discovered that the blood which was gathering about the wound on the left side, would shortly terminate his existence. He turned to his youthful daughter:

"Mary," he said, "you have heard me tell of my brother; he died just of such another wound as this here. Well, now, had there only been somebody by to suck the hurt, his life would have been saved."

The boatman then landed, and went to look for two or three soldiers to help him carry the officer, leaving his daughter in charge of him. The girl looked at the sufferer for a minute or two. What was her emotion when she heard him sigh so deeply,—not that he was resigning his life in the first flower of his age, but that he should die without a mother's kiss!

"My mother! my dear, dear mother!" said he, "die without —"

Her woman's heart told her what he would have said. Her bosom heaved with sympathy, and her eyes ran over.

Then she remembered what her father had said; she thought how her uncle's life might have been saved. In an instant, quicker than thought, she tore open the officer's coat, and the generous girl recalled him to life with her lips.

Amidst this holy occupation the sound of footsteps was heard, and the blushing heroine fled to the other end of the boat. Judge of her father's surprise, as he came up with two soldiers, when he saw Lieutenant S—, whom he expected to find dead, open his eyes, and ask for his deliverer.

The boatman looked at his child and saw it all.

The poor girl came to him with her